

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Couper.*



SOMETHING WRONG.

## THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

CHAPTER VII.—MR. LINTEL, OF EITHERSIDE.

"Sailing under false colours."

THERE were very few Roman Catholic families either in Halford or Halford Quay, consequently there was no Roman Catholic chapel and no resident priest. Mrs. Reed had been prepared for this, but she hoped to be able to go sometimes to Peterstowe, which was accessible by rail, and to

receive occasional visits at home from the priest who officiated there. Father Gehagan also had promised to call whenever he passed that way, as he did sometimes, though not very often, on his way to London. Practically, however, Mrs. Reed found after she was settled in her new home that she, with her maid Biddy, were almost entirely isolated from the services and ministrations of their Church. Mr. Reed had taken her, of course, the day after her arrival, to see his great work, St. Michael's Church, and had pointed

out its chief architectural features. She was captivated with its beauty, and especially with the decoration of the interior, which surpassed in her opinion anything of the kind that she had ever seen in Ireland. Once, to please her husband and to gratify her own curiosity, she had attended service there, and she sighed to think that she might not join in the devotions of those who were kneeling around her, nor worship under the same roof with him to whom she had given her heart; especially as the high altar, the candles glimmering at noonday, the paintings, the incense, the music, and the varied forms of imagery, seemed to realise all that she could conceive, and more than she had ever witnessed of the luxury and beauty of her own church ceremonies. But Mr. Reed had told her that though the difference between the Anglican and the Roman faith was rather nominal than real, he could not ask, nor even allow her to attend this church with him; he would rather she should maintain her own principles; it would be painful to him if her friends should have reason to think that he desired to exercise any control or influence over her in the matter of her faith. And she remembered what Father Gehagan had said, and was herself fully persuaded that the distinction existing between the Church of Rome and every other church was great and absolute; and that no mere imitation of her ceremonies, no confession even of her doctrines, would be of any value as long as her outward supremacy was not acknowledged. "Anathema maranatha!" These words rang in her ears as she recalled her interview with the priest at Mary Cross. No, she could not enter this building; she could not attend these rites; she must do the best she could without a church and priesthood; the Anglo-Catholic, as it was called, was nothing—worse than nothing—unless, indeed, it should be the instrument, as Father Gehagan had suggested, of bringing her husband, step by step, to her own creed. She must hope and watch for this; she would pray the Virgin and all the saints to promote this; meantime she would count her beads at home, and go as often as she could to Peterstowe to confession and mass, and take poor Biddy with her.

Mrs. Reed had not many friends in Halford Quay. On her first arrival there, those of her neighbours who were her equals in station had called on her, some of them led by curiosity, anxious to see what the architect's new Roman Catholic wife was like, and how she would "go on;" others half afraid of her; others again eager to show by their politeness and attention that they were above the vulgar prejudices of their neighbours, and esteemed all religions alike, *especially* that of their new townswoman. But Margarita formed no intimacies, for it soon appeared that she had very little in common with any of them. The rector, Mr. Harte, called once, and Margarita thought him very kind and agreeable; but she was not one of his parishioners, and he did not repeat his visit. The vicar, Mr. Alban Cope, on the contrary, came frequently, and did not fail to let Mrs. Reed know that he considered it his duty to do so. She was his parishioner, he told her, and he regarded her as one of his own flock, and though she did not suffer that to pass without a protest, he was not to be repulsed. He did not wish to proselytise, he said, but they were members of the same Catholic church, and there was much in common between them; he hoped she would assist in his schools, and even take a district as visitor in his parish, assuring her that he

should value her co-operation quite as much as that of any other parishioner. Margarita told him on one of these occasions, that though she would like to assist in any charitable works, she could not take a prominent part in them, nor identify herself with those which properly belonged to members of his—"congregation."

"Of my church, you were going to say," he replied, with a smile. "Why will you not say church?"

"I would rather not discuss the question," she answered; "you must make allowance for my prejudices, as you will call them."

"Prejudices! No, convictions. I respect them; I would not disturb them for the world. But there are some things susceptible of explanation which—pardon me, you do not quite understand; another time," he continued, glancing towards her husband, who just then entered the room, "I shall be glad to have a little quiet conversation with you."

"No, Mr. Cope, thank you," said Margarita, firmly; "I must decline, once for all, every approach to controversy. You must be good enough to leave me to my convictions—such as they are."

"Ah! Cope," said Mr. Reed, "you are too bad; I told you you would find no favour here; but you are irrepressible. Joking apart, you must be more discreet. Mrs. Reed will, I have no doubt, be glad to welcome you here as my friend, but she does not want you as a father confessor. Why will you not take a hint?"

Mr. Cope bowed and smiled, and there was an awkward silence for a few moments.

"By-the-by," said Mr. Reed, anxious to change the subject, "have you seen that extraordinary statement in the papers about Mr. Lintel, the vicar of Eitherside, who is lately dead? Five and thirty years or more a priest of the Anglican Church, as every one supposed; yet on his deathbed he declares himself a Roman Catholic, is openly received into the Roman Catholic Church, and buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery. It afterwards comes out that he had been for many years previously a Roman Catholic in everything but the name, holding all Romish doctrine, practising all Romish ceremonies, and even doing homage to the Pope, yet all the while holding a benefice in the English Church, receiving its emoluments and ministering in its offices."

"Yes," said Mr. Cope, looking out of the window, "I saw some account of it. I suppose he thought that he might do more good by remaining at his post than by giving it up to some one else. They might have had a low churchman there, or even a no-churchman; and that would have been a sad change for his parishioners."

"He should have allowed others to judge of that," said Mr. Reed, "instead of going on under false colours. When a member of parliament who has been elected upon a certain exposition of his principles changes his politics, he feels bound in honour to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds, in order that his constituents may have an opportunity of choosing some one else in his stead. The obligation is much stronger in the case of a teacher of religion. It is inconceivable that any man of common honesty should continue to hold office in the Church, and to receive its emoluments, after having forsaken her communion."

"Spoiling the Egyptians, that's all," said Mr. Cope, facetiously. "You know that the Israelites borrowed what they never meant to pay, and were

justified upon this; he had been kept them."

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justified in doing so. Mr. Lintel acted, no doubt, upon the same principle, regarding the Church which he had virtually quitted as heretical. Faith is not to be kept with heretics, you know; all is fair against them."

"As for the Israelites, you know as well as I do," said Mr. Reed, seriously, "that they did not borrow in the sense which you imply; they made no false pretences; they asked (that is the right word, I believe), and the Egyptians gave, neither expecting nor desiring to see their jewels or the Israelites again. They were too glad to get rid of the latter at any price, for they said, 'We be all dead men.' You speak lightly of this matter, but to me it seems utterly dishonest and incomprehensible."

"I don't wish to treat it lightly," Mr. Cope replied, altering his manner; "but there are two sides to every question; you are looking at the moral aspect of it, and that, perhaps, is not the highest."

"I prefer that view of it to the immoral."

"Decidedly; but I was about to say that there is a higher law even than that of morality. The interests of religion—that is, of the Church, are paramount. Mr. Lintel conceived, no doubt, that he was serving the Church more effectually by concealing the change which had taken place in his convictions than by prematurely making it known. At all events, he was not personally responsible for the course which he had adopted; for it is not to be supposed that the authorities of the Church—the Roman Catholic Church, I mean—were ignorant of the step which he had taken; and he must have had their sanction and authority for acting as he did. From the moment when he joined that Church, secretly or openly, he was under the direction of his superiors; his first duty was obedience, and without regard to his own credit or good name, he practised it."

"He has found a good apologist, at all events," said Mr. Reed, looking at the speaker with surprise. "I hope there are not many of these obedient Lintels in our Church. I can respect a Roman Catholic as such, and love a Roman Catholic with all my heart"—glancing at his wife—"but honesty and truth above all, say I, in every profession! I don't think much of any one's religion where these are wanting."

Mr. Alban Cope looked first at the ceiling and then at the floor, and was evidently very uncomfortable. "Well," he said at last, "I don't pretend to give an opinion. I wish to take a charitable view of the affair; that is the best thing to do in all such cases. Charity, you know, thinketh no evil. Good-bye; try to forget Mr. Lintel. He was an advanced Anglo-Catholic, and did not think, perhaps, that it made much difference to any one whether he went to Rome or not; he taught the same doctrines and maintained the same ceremonies as before; it was only like changing his regiment in the same army. Why should we judge him?"

"I can't agree with you," said Mr. Reed. "At all events, I can't go so far as you do. If I did, I don't see what should hinder me from going a little farther; only I would do it openly, and not like Mr. Lintel."

"I like your priest less than ever," said Mrs. Reed to her husband after Mr. Cope was gone. "A man must have very depraved ideas of truth and honesty to argue as he does. I am sure Father Gehagan would not support such opinions."

"I should hope not," said Mr. Reed; "I wish

Father Gehagan had been here to answer him. Is there any probability of his coming?"

Mrs. Reed did not answer for a few moments. "It's possible he may come by-and-by," she said, "if—"

"If what?"

"If there should be a christening in the house?"

"As there will be before long."

That was what they were both hoping and expecting now. It had been agreed beforehand, and so written in the marriage settlement, that if any children should be born to them, the males should be educated by the husband in his own faith, and the girls brought up as Roman Catholics under the direction of the trustees, of whom Father Gehagan was one. It was probable, therefore, that if Mrs. Reed should present her husband with a daughter, Father Gehagan would come himself to perform the baptismal ceremony.

"Father Gehagan would be a much better friend for you—or for any one—than Mr. Cope," said Mrs. Reed, timidly. "You will never get much good from him."

"Oh, that's another question altogether. We must not look to the man, but to his office. Mr. Cope is a priest of the Church; that is enough for me. If he were really a bad man, which I am sure he is not, he might still perform all his priestly functions as effectually as if he were a saint. Your own Church holds that."

"Does it?" Margarita asked, thoughtfully.

"Why yes, and a very good thing too. The Romish system is so entirely sacramental, that if the validity of its sacraments depended upon the character of its priests there would be no assurance for any one; but such is not the case, either in our Church or yours. I remember reading, for instance, of a priest in France who was condemned to death for his crimes. He was utterly hardened and impenitent, and could even make a jest of his priestly functions in the act of performing them. On his way through the streets to the scaffold, a baker's cart full of bread happened to come near him. The priest, by way of a last joke, or perhaps in a miserable attempt at bravado, stretched out his hands, it is said, over the bread, and pronounced the magical words, '*Hoc est corpus*,' etc. In an instant the whole contents of the cart were transubstantiated: there was no reason to doubt the intention of the celebrant; that, indeed, is always assumed; nor was anything wanting to render the consecration of the element incomplete. The bread, or rather the host, was therefore taken in charge by the priests, who were not a little embarrassed to know how to dispose of it. But look again, nearer home. That old worthless priest at Ballykilleena; what did he do for you, and, above all, for me? Why he married us, did he not? It was wretchedly done, to be sure. Nothing could have been worse; but it was a valid marriage after your view, just as the other ceremony was valid after mine; and why? Because of his office. If the validity of such ceremonies were dependent upon the character of those who perform them we should never know who were really married, or baptized (or buried, I was going to say), and who were not."

"I suppose you are right. I am sure you are right so far," Margarita answered, looking up into her husband's face; "but I have not much faith in Mr. Cope, and I don't think you have either. But dear me, we have been treading all this time upon for-



hidden ground! If Father Gehagan had indeed been here he would have silenced us long ago. You know we were not to discuss religious questions, were we? though I am sure no harm could come of it. Nothing would ever create a difference between me and you, would it?"

"Never, Margarita," said her husband, "never! We know each other's hearts too well for that."

And any one who could have seen the young wife gazing with loving confidence into her husband's eyes as he bent fondly over her to kiss her, would have said the same.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—"LOOK AFTER YOUR MISTRESS."

"A chiel's amang ye taking notes."—Burns.

"Av ye please, ma'am," said Bridget Doolan to her mistress, about the time when the conversation related in the preceding chapter took place—"av ye please, ma'am, it's haythenish-like living as I do. There's not a craythur in the house, barrin' yourself, nor a neighbour anywhere at all that a body can spake a word to for the good of a body's sowl. Praists was plenty enough in Ireland. Glory be to Him as sent them. The only fear there was that one might have too much of them; but sorra a one have I set my eyes on since three months gone or more—not an inch of one did I see in the street nor nowhere, barrin' Reverend Cope, which isn't a praist at all, but only a make-believe. What's to become of me in another world, wid nobody to say to me, 'You must ate no salt wid your mate for a week, Bridget, and dthrink no sugar in your tay, or do some other good and blessed work for the sake of your immortal sowl'? It's a good thing my sins is nayther many nor great, for how I'd get indulgences for them here in a haythen land would be a puzzle for annybody. I used to be able to repate the *Craydo* all through without missing a word, down to 'bite'em and turn'em, Amen' (*in vitam eternam*); but now I misremember half of it; and used to go to confession once a month at least—'wipe off old scores and begin again,' as Father Murphy used to say at Ballykilleena. And there's that poor darkened craythur, Jane, always going to her church as she calls it, on Sundays, and talking about the beautiful praying of her minister, and wishing I could go with her, though I'd scorn to enter the doors of them Prodestant heretics if there was none else in all the world."

"Jane goes to the old church, does she not, Biddy?" Mrs. Reed asked.

"She does, ma'am. She used to go to St. Michael's, where the master goes; but she couldn't make it out, she says, at all at all; and there was no gospel there; thrue for her, no doubt; but what would she know about the gospel? Then she wanted to go with her father, small blame to her for that if she went at all; but they wouldn't let her sit within sight of him, but he must go to one side of the church and she to the other. So they gave that up, and go to the old church, St. Paul's they call it, and Jane is never tired talking of it. Mr. Harte does seem a nice sort of a man, by all she says; but that's no good to me: it's just as his riverence Father Gehagan said it would be. I'm like a pelican in the wilderness and a howl in the desert."

"Well, Bridget, I can feel for you; I have the same cross to bear. I would have taken you oftener to Peterstowe, but you know how inconvenient it is. There are so few trains on Sunday, and we have to

leave home so early and return so late. Half the day is lost in waiting about either in the town or at the stations, and it is so uncomfortable for Mr. Reed, whether he goes with us or stays at home. However, I must go again soon now whilst I am able, and then perhaps Father Gehagan will come and see us."

"Sure, mistress, dear, it's meself that will be glad to see him, then, and doubly glad for the cause that will bring him. You must take care of yourself, mistress, dear, and not go to Peterstowe, nor anywhere else, tiring the life out of ye. Sure, I wouldn't have said the word if I'd thought of it; but I could go by meself, and get safe back again aisy enough, just for onst."

Mrs. Reed said no more then; but the next fine Sunday her husband hired an open carriage, and drove over to Peterstowe in time for service there, and went to church, while Mrs. Reed and Biddy went to chapel. They dined at an hotel and returned in the evening; but it was a long day's work even then, to say nothing of the expense, which did not signify for once, but would have amounted to a good deal if often repeated. After that Mrs. Reed did not leave the house until the great event which they had been anticipating came to pass. Mr. Reed was, perhaps, a little disappointed that his firstborn should be a daughter; but he got over that before he had quite finished writing the letter, which he posted that same evening, to inform Miss Egan of the fact; and to everybody else it was a matter for unqualified rejoicing. Father Gehagan came in good time, and brought with him many congratulations and much news from Ireland. Miss Egan would have accompanied him, but she was just then a little out of health, and feared the long sea-passage. She sent a cloak and hood, and an ivory crucifix, which had been blessed at Rome, to be fastened to the child's cradle, and a present of money to be invested in the savings bank for its future use, and wrote to her "dear niece" every day for a fortnight, which, as she had been in the habit of writing only once in a month, was stronger proof than any other of the great interest she took in the little stranger. She was to be its godmother, of course, and would charge herself, she said, with its future welfare, if the precious infant should be spared to grow up in the true faith, and should continue faithful in her riper years to Holy Mother Church.

Father Gehagan's visit, though short, was a time of refreshing for Margarita, and for Biddy also. The latter felt her own importance very much increased when the priest, after the usual private interview with her, in which all questions of salt and sugar, and "indulgences" of another kind, were, no doubt, satisfactorily disposed of, enjoined her to keep a special watch over this new member of her Church, and to make its spiritual as well as its temporal welfare the subject of her cares and prayers. What questions he asked her, what information he elicited, and what conclusions he formed, it is not for us to tell; but he warned Bridget in the strongest terms to beware of false teachers, not to be deceived by any outward show of goodness, and above all, to hold no conversation with her fellow-servants on religious subjects. "Don't listen to Jane, or to anybody else," he said, "when they talk to you about their ministers and their churches and their Bibles. Never forget that they are Protestants and heretics." Biddy thought he was going to spit upon the floor when he

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uttered these words, as she had seen Father Murphy do, but she did him injustice. "Not only so," he proceeded, "but look after your mistress also: stand by her in all the temptations to which she is exposed in her present manner of life; be bold, and speak a word in season to her. And if ever you should see, or think you see, that she is in danger, wavering or growing lukewarm in the faith, write a line to me at once. You can write, can't you?"

"I can, your reverence," cried Biddy; "Misthress Reed herself taught me that."

"Show your gratitude to her, then, by using this talent for her good; write to me whenever there is anything to tell. I will come over to her at once, or send some one, and it will never be known that you had anything to do with it. You may thus be the means of saving your mistress, as well as this little child, whose nurse you are to be, from perdition."

Biddy promised, with the utmost sincerity and ardour, and was thus installed as a spy upon her mistress, without the least thought of anything dishonourable in the office. Father Gehagan went on his way to London, where he had business, and Biddy moved about the house with a secret sense of dignity and importance, attending to her mistress and the child, and keeping her eyes and ears open and her lips shut.

Mr. Reed was unremitting in his attention to his wife during her recovery, and very proud and fond of his little daughter, to whom he devoted a great deal of his time, nursing it, and playing with it, and hushing it to sleep when it was troublesome. He had given Father Gehagan a hearty welcome, and seemed pleased to take part in the ceremony which the priest had come to perform; and Mrs. Reed felt more than ever hopeful that the double ties by which her husband was now bound to her would ultimately prove strong enough to draw him away from the last remains of his Protestantism, and unite him for ever to the Church of Rome, of which his wife and child—almost the only relations that he had in the world—were members.

Within a year from that time a little boy was born. But Mrs. Reed's Irish friends troubled themselves very little about him. He was christened at St. Michael's, his mother being present at the ceremony, though she adhered strictly to the rule laid down for her by Father Gehagan, and endorsed by her husband, never to enter the walls of that or any other Protestant place of worship, unless on some occasion altogether exceptional, such as this. Mr. Alban Cope displayed the greatest interest in his little parishioner, and called frequently to inquire after his health and developments. If Father Gehagan was to have charge of the little girl, he said, it behoved him to be doubly zealous in his care of the boy; but Mrs. Reed gave him no encouragement, and always avoided seeing him if possible.

The visits to Peterstowe were repeated from time to time, but were attended with so much inconvenience that they became rarer and rarer. Mr. Reed accepted office as an acolyte at St. Michael's, wore a fancy dress, and was required to attend service there on Sundays and saints' days; he could not, therefore, accompany his wife to Peterstowe, as formerly. Sunday was, according to his ideas, a Christian festival. To sanctify it by early celebrations and the usual public services was sufficient; after these had been duly performed, it was not so much a holy day as a holiday. He was in the habit, therefore, of inviting one or two

friends to dine with him on Sunday afternoons, and it did not suit his convenience that his wife should be absent at such times. Mrs. Reed could not fail to perceive this, and eventually she ceased to say anything about going to Peterstowe on Sundays, and was fain to be satisfied with such opportunities as offered when her husband happened to be away from home on business. That was but seldom; his work in Ireland was already completed, and although he sent in designs for competition for several important works in London or elsewhere, he was not successful, so that his chief employment during the first three or four years of his married life was in his own home and neighbourhood.

On one of those rare occasions when Mrs. Reed and Bridget had been detained later than usual by some difficulty about the trains, they found that Mr. Reed had unexpectedly arrived before them. He had been disappointed in the object of his journey, and was not in a very good humour.

"Oh, Alfred," cried his wife, "I am so glad you are come home; we did not expect you till to-morrow. I am so sorry I was absent. We have been to Peterstowe."

"I thought so," he answered; "all right, only I wish, when you go out, you would leave the keys at home. I did not bargain for this sort of thing: an empty house, no dinner, and no comfort when one comes home cold and tired: if you had only told me you were going I would have stayed away."

"I'm so very sorry," his wife answered. She could not trust herself at that moment to say another word. Her husband had spoken unkindly to her; it was the first time he had ever done so, and his words fell like a chill upon her heart. She busied herself to provide dinner for him, even at that late hour, and when it was served, sat down with him; but she felt as if she could not eat a morsel.

"I cannot sit here and eat by myself," he said, pushing away his plate; "it is not Friday, or one of your fast days, is it? Why don't you get some fish, or something, if it is?"

"What has happened, Alfred?" Mrs. Reed asked, at length. "You are annoyed about something, I am sure; it is not my going to Peterstowe that has vexed you; not that only, I mean. What is it?"

He muttered something impatiently in reply—it sounded like "Bother!"—finished his dinner, drank three or four glasses of wine, and sat by the fire reading till bedtime. Then, as Mrs. Reed passed near his chair, he caught hold of her dress, and drew her towards him. "It's all my fault," he said; "don't think any more of it; it was a great shame, but I was cold and cross, and everything has gone wrong with me to-day."

"I knew it; I was sure of it!" she exclaimed; "tell me what it is that troubles you."

"Nothing to tell, dearest; trifles, mere trifles; no excuse for me at all; unless you are really vexed at my ill temper; that would be no trifle." So he laughed it off, and the little cloud that had arisen between them passed away; but Mrs. Reed resolved that she would never run the risk of annoying him again, and said to herself, with a sigh, that she must go no more to Peterstowe. Nor could she divest herself of a certain feeling of anxiety about her husband, who, she fancied, had been of late a little out of spirits, as if something in his business—or could it be in his home? she dared not think of that—had disappointed, or gone wrong with him.

## ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP ON THE MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRITISH POPULAR CUSTOMS, PAST AND PRESENT."

## October.

THE endless tints of the "fading and many-coloured woods," at this season of the declining year, are of so choice and brilliant a character as to render our autumnal scenery one of the most pleasing and charming sights in the works of nature. Indeed, it has justly been remarked that nature now seems to bestow all her best and choicest colours on the forest foliage, and for a while to cast a glory and beauty on the landscape that is unrivalled. Thus the poet, contrasting springtime with autumn, says:—

"Those virgin leaves of purest vivid green,  
Which charm'd ere yet they trembled on the trees,  
Now cheer the sober landscape in decay:  
The lime first fading; and the golden birch,  
With bark of silver hue; the moss-grown oak,  
Tenacious of its leaves of russet brown;  
The ensanguin'd dogwood; and a thousand tints  
Which Flora, dress'd in all her pride of bloom,  
Could scarcely equal, decorate the groves."

Leigh Hunt, speaking of Spenser's descriptions of the months, says that "he drew them from the world and its customs in general; but turn his October wine-vats into cider-presses and brewing-tubs, and it will do as well."

In some of our old Saxon calendars we find this month symbolised by the figure of a husbandman carrying a sack on his shoulders, and sowing corn, in allusion to the practice of sowing the winter grain, which takes place in October. In other old almanacs the sport of hawking has been adopted as emblematical of this, the last month of autumn. ("Book of Days.") By our ancestors it was called *Wynmonat*—i.e., "Wine-month," and by the ancient Germans *Winter-fyllith*, on account of the approach of winter.

At Nottingham a great goose fair takes place on the 2nd of October, unless that day falls on Sunday, and generally continues eight days. The origin of this fair arose from the large quantities of geese which were driven up from the fens of Lincolnshire for sale in the market-place. Briscoe, in his interesting little book entitled "Nottinghamshire Facts and Fictions" (1876, p. 16), relates an amusing old legend or story current in that district, and which ascribes the origin of the fair to the following circumstance. An angler was engaged in angling in the Trent, near Nottingham. In course of time he felt or saw a bite that had been made. Unlike modern anglers, he jerked the line high up in the air, together with the catch, which proved to be a large pike. A wild goose happening at that time to be flying overhead, espied the fish in the air, which he at once secured. Not content with the pike, he carried off with him the rod, line, and angler too. The story goes on to tell that when passing over the Nottingham market-place, either from fatigue or some other cause, the goose dropped his booty of man, fish, and tackle. Very strange, indeed, to relate, the hero of this adventure alighted unhurt. To celebrate this good luck on his part a holiday was proclaimed, amid great rejoicing among the good folks of old Nottingham.

At Great Crosby, a suburban village, about seven miles from Liverpool, early in this month every year

there is held a local festival, which goes by the appellation of the "Goose Fair." The feast takes place when the harvest is gathered in about that part of the country, and so it forms a kind of "harvest-home" gathering for the agriculturists of the neighbourhood. Curious to say, however, the bird in question is seldom, if ever, eaten at these feasts.\*

About the year 1760 it was customary with the burgesses of Liverpool, on the annual election of a mayor, to have a bear baited. This event generally took place on the 10th of October, and the demonstrations of rejoicing lasted for several days. The animal was first baited at the White Cross, at the top of Chapel Street, and was then led in triumph to the Exchange, where the conflict was again renewed. A repetition of the same cruelties was likewise exhibited in Derby Street, and the diversion was concluded by the wretched animal undergoing reiterated assaults at the Stock Market, opposite the top of Pool Lane. The bear was assailed separately by large mastiffs, and if any dog compelled him to yell, or was able to sustain the conflict with superior address, he was rewarded with a large brass collar.†

Pack-Monday Fair was formerly held at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, on the first Monday after the 10th of October, and was ushered in by the ringing of the great bell at a very early hour in the morning, and by the boys and young men perambulating the streets with cows' horns. According to tradition, this fair originated at the termination of the building of the church, when the workmen who had been employed about it packed up their tools and held a fair or wake in the churchyard, blowing cows' horns in their rejoicing.

At one time a curious practice existed in Hull of whipping all the dogs that were found running about the streets on the 10th of October, and so universal was the custom that every little street boy considered it his duty to prepare a whip for any unhappy dog that might be seen wandering about on that day. The practice is said to have originated in the following way. Previous to the suppression of monasteries in Hull, it was customary for the monks to provide liberally for the poor and the wayfarer who came to the fair held annually on the 11th of October; and on one occasion, while busy in the necessary preparations the day before the fair, a dog strolled into the larder, snatched up a joint of meat, and decamped with it. The cooks gave the alarm, and as soon as the dog ran into the streets he was at once pursued by the expectants of the charity of the monks, who were waiting outside the gate, and made to give up the stolen joint. Consequently, after this occurrence, whenever a dog made his appearance whilst this annual preparation was going on, he was instantly beaten off. Eventually this was taken up by the boys, and until the introduction of the new police was rigidly put in practice by them every 10th of October.‡ A similar custom seems to have prevailed in York on St. Luke's Day, and Drake tells us that it was known as Whip-Dog Day. He gives the following traditionary account of its origin. "During

\* "Notes and Queries," 3rd, vol. iii. p. 158.

† Corry's "History of Liverpool," 1810, p. 93.

‡ "Notes and Queries," 1st series, vol. viii. p. 403.

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the Roman Catholic times of this country a priest, whilst celebrating mass on St. Luke's Day, accidentally dropped the host after consecration, which was immediately snatched up and swallowed by a dog that lay under the altar table. The profanation of this sacred mystery occasioned the death of the dog, and a persecution began among the canine race, which was ever after continued on the anniversary of this festival." Hampson says that the same custom existed at Manchester on the fair-day of Acres Fair, which was held about the same time.\*

St. Etheldreda or Audry, commemorated in the Romish calendar on the 23rd of June, but in the English calendar on the 17th of this month, was daughter of Annas, king of the East Angles, and born about 630 at Ixning, on the western borders of Suffolk. She founded the convent and church of Ely on the spot where the cathedral was subsequently erected. Formerly, at Ely, a fair was annually held, called, in memory of her, St. Audry's Fair, at which much cheap lace was sold to the poorer classes, which at first went by the name of St. Audry's lace, but in time was corrupted into *tawdry lace*. Various allusions occur in Shakespeare to this lace. In an old ballad, too, we find the following:—

"One time I gave thee a paper of pins,  
Another time a tawdry lace,  
And if thou wilt not grant me love,  
In truth I'll die before thy face."

Formerly, on St. Luke's Day a fair was held at Charlton, in Kent, and commonly called "Horn Fair." Every booth had its horns conspicuous in the front. Brand tells us that at this fair rams' horns were sold, and every sort of toy made of horn. Even the gingerbread, he adds, was marked with figures representing horns. Every kind of licence seems to have been permitted, which in consequence gave rise to the proverb, "All is fair at Horn Fair." The origin of this custom seems to be found in the fact that the recognised mediæval symbol of St. Luke—the patron of the fair—was a horned ox.

In some parts of the country curious love-charms are invoked, of which the following is a specimen:—

"St. Luke, St. Luke, be kind to me,  
In dreams let me my true love see."

In many places St. Crispin's Day (Oct. 25th) is a great holiday among the shoemakers, owing according to tradition to the following circumstance. The brothers Crispin and Crispinian, natives of Rome, having become converted to Christianity, travelled to Soissons in France, in order to preach the gospel. Being desirous, however, of rendering themselves independent, they earned their daily bread by making shoes, with which, it is said, they furnished the poor at an extremely small price. When the governor of the town discovered that they maintained the Christian faith, and also tried to make proselytes of the inhabitants, he ordered them to be beheaded. From this time the shoemakers have chosen them for their tutelary saints. In the town of Hexham, Northumberland, the following custom is, or was, observed. The shoemakers of the town meet and dine by previous arrangement at some tavern, a king Crispin, queen, prince and princess, elected from members of their fraternity of families, being present. They afterwards form in grand procession (the ladies

and their attendants excepted), and parade the streets with music, etc., the royal party and suite gaily dressed in character. In the evening they reassemble for dancing and other festivities.

Formerly at Tenby, on the evening preceding St. Crispin's Day, an effigy was made and hung on some elevated and prominent place (the steeple, for instance). On the morning of the saint's day it was cut down and carried about the town, a will being read in doggerel verse, purporting to be the last testament of the saint, in pursuance of which the several articles of dress were given to the different shoemakers. At last nothing remained of the image but the padding, which was kicked about by the crowd. As a kind of revenge for the treatment given to St. Crispin, his followers hung up, on St. Clement's Day, the effigy of a carpenter.\*

Brand gives an amusing love-charm for St. Simon and St. Jude's Day (October 28th). He says, "Take an apple, pare it whole, and holding the paring in your right hand, stand in the middle of the room, repeating the following lines:—

'St. Simon and Jude, on you I intrude,  
By this parting I hold to discover,  
Without any delay, to tell me this day  
The first letter of my own true lover.'

Turn three times round, and cast the paring over your left shoulder, and it will form the first letter of your future husband's surname; but if the paring breaks into many pieces, so that no letter is discernible, you will never marry."

Allhallowe'en, or Hallow Eve (October 31st) is so called from being the vigil of All Saints' Day, and is a season abounding in superstitious observances. On this night the young people in the north of England dip for apples, or catch at them with the mouth only—the hands being tied behind, and the apples stuck at one end of a kind of hanging beam, at the other extremity of which is fixed a lighted candle. From the custom of flinging nuts into the fire, or cracking them with their teeth, it has also been called "Nuterack Night." Under this name it is thus amusingly alluded to in "Poor Robin's Almanack" for 1735:—"This quarter begins the 12th September and holds till the 11th of December, in which time the landlord has a quarter-day, as he has in every one of the other quarters. This quarter also affords a term begins for the lawyers, a Crispin for the shoemakers, a Lord Mayor's Day for the citizens, a nutcrack-night for young people and sweethearts; it brings on a winter, and long dark nights for tallow-chandlers and linkboys, and concludes with a shortest day for everybody on this side the equinoctial." Burns mentions the burning of nuts as being a favourite and very popular charm. They name, he says, the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtships will be. Charles Graydon has written a pretty little piece of poetry on this subject, entitled, "On Nuts burning, Allhallows Eve":—

"These glowing nuts are emblems true  
Of what in human light we view;  
The ill-matched couple fret and fume,  
And thus in strife themselves consume;

\* "Medii Ævi Kalendarium," vol. i. p. 360.

\* Mason's "Tales and Traditions of Tenby," 1853, p. 25.

Or from each other wildly start  
 And with a noise for ever part.  
 But see the happy, happy pair,  
 Of genuine love and truth sincere;  
 With mutual fondness while they burn,  
 Still to each other kindly turn;  
 And as the vital sparks decay,  
 Together gently sink away:  
 Till life's fierce ordeal being past,  
 Their mingled ashes rest at last."

In Nottinghamshire, if a girl had two lovers, and was desirous of knowing who would be the most constant, she procured two brown apple pippins, and sticking one on each cheek (after having named them from her lovers) while she repeated this couplet:—

"Pippen, pippen, I stick thee here,  
 That that is true thou mayst declare,"

patiently awaited until one fell off, when the unfortunate swain whose name it bore was instantly discarded as being unfaithful.\*

In the Isle of Man, on Hollantide Eve, as this night is called, the boys go about singing a doggerel, of which the following is an extract:—

"This is old Hollantide night:  
 The moon shines fair and bright;  
 I went to the well  
 And drank my fill;  
 On the way coming back,  
 I met a pole-cat;  
 The cat began to grin  
 And I began to run;  
 Where did you run to?  
 I ran to Scotland;  
 What were they doing there?  
 Baking bannocks and roasting collops."

For some peculiar reason, says Train ("History of the Isle of Man," 1845, vol. ii. p. 123), potatoes, parsnips, and fish pounded together and mixed with butter, form always the evening meal.

The ancient custom of providing children with a large apple on Allhallows Eve is still kept up at St. Ives, Cornwall. "Allan Day," as it is termed, is the day of days to hundreds of children who would deem it a great misfortune were they, Mr. Hunt† tells us, to go to bed on Allan Night without the time-honoured Allan-apple to hide beneath their pillows. Consequently, a large quantity of apples are for this purpose disposed of, the sale of which is termed Allan Market.

In North Wales it is customary to kindle a large fire, under the name of "Coel Coeth," in the most conspicuous place near each house, and to keep it up in the night for about an hour. When the fire is nearly burnt down, each person throws into the ashes a white stone, which he has previously marked, then (all having said their prayers as they walk round the embers) they go to bed. In the morning, as soon as they are up, they come at once and search for their stones, and if any one of them is missing it is believed that the person who threw it in will die ere he sees another All Saints' Eve.

A similar custom exists in Scotland. A bonfire is set up in some villages, and when consumed, the ashes

are carefully gathered together into the form of a circle. A stone is then put in near the circumference for every person of the several families interested in the bonfire, and whatever stone is moved out of its place or injured before the next morning, the person represented by the stone is *devoted*, and is supposed not to live twelve months from that day.

In Ireland, many highly superstitious practices are also kept up. A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" (4th series, vol. iv. p. 505) tells us that in some parts the women take the yolk from eggs boiled hard, fill the eggs with salt, and eat egg, shell, and salt. They are careful not to quench their thirst until morning. Hemp-seed is sown by the young women, who believe that if they look back they will see the apparition of the man intended for their future husband.

Before closing our remarks on this subject, we would allude to a custom observed at Blandford Forum, Dorsetshire, in the papal times, of ringing bells at Allhallow-tide for all Christian souls. Bishop Burnet gives a letter from King Henry the Eighth to Cranmer "against superstitious practices," wherein "the vigil and ringing of bells all the night long upon Allhallow Day at night," are ordered to be abolished, and the said vigil to have no watching or ringing.

#### SORRENTO.

THE special charm of Sorrento, set as it is amid all the capricious loveliness of Nature, where all things—sea, island, shore, far as the eye can scan, are beautiful exceedingly—is the spirit of summer quiet that pervades the place. Some half-dozen white cities, studded here and there along the shore, sparkling like gems in the broad circle of the Bay of Naples, claim sisterhood with Sorrento. But Sorrento holds its position towards them much as Sunday does to the days of the week—I mean as to its pervading quiet. Baiæ, Puteoli, Naples, Resina (upon Herculaneum), Castella Mare, are noisy and gay, either in their existence of to-day, or in their ancient memories of fashionable Roman dissipation. But Sorrento, embowered in its greenery of orange and olive groves, breathes of nothing but rest. Sorrento is on the extreme of the southern horn of the bay, reaching out a hand to the little purple islet of Capri, of blue grottoes and rosy cliffs; Baiæ is on the northern horn. An imaginary line drawn from one to the other (about twenty miles), thus making a chord of the arc, would shut the fantastic islands of Ischia and Procida out at sea, and shut in the great swell or circle in which the cities of the bay perpetually mirror themselves in the ever trembling tide. Whether you climb the hills behind Sorrento, or loiter upon the brink of its olive and orange-crested cliffs, the view of all this is ever before you a vision of wonder. Moreover, as a background to the picture, Vesuvius slopes up, as if glooming in guilty sullenness over the cities which it has buried—Vesuvius, like an angry giant with his passion only half subdued, still muttering inwardly. Lie down for a moment in the leafy shadows on this wooded cliff which climbs sheer up from the low rocks on the shore, where the lazy waves, fifty feet below, sway themselves to rest with an undying lullaby of sleepy sound. Scarred, and streaked, and furrowed are these rocks interspersed with shingle, honeycombed by constant lap-

\* "Journal of Archaeological Association," 1853, v.d. iii. p. 234.

† "Romances of the West of England," 1871, p. 388.



pling of the restless sea; rocks white as marble, tufted with corallines and seaweed in the little pools where anemonies lurk, and sea-crabs, and now and then a hippocampus; but dry and hard above highwater mark, spite of the storms which now and then roar and rage over the beach, and pour in crystalline waves, flecking the whole coast with fleecy foam. Lie down for a moment and look round upon this grand sweep of the bay.

reveal sunken rocks, glistening like sapphire in places where the sun's rays penetrate. And what is curious, you see here and there the foundations of houses of ancient Baïæ beneath the blue water. Baïæ was the fashionable seaside resort of the elegants of Rome. Horace, lashing at the unbridled luxury of the Romans, tells them that they build palaces without thinking of their tomb; and because there is not room at Baïæ for fresh houses, they must



SORRENTO.

First there is Baïæ, blinking and trembling in the distance across the bright summer air. You can distinguish Baïæ now as a little village. There is an osteria, or inn there, planted most picturesquely on a projecting ledge of rock over the sea. Holiday-makers go from Naples there to dine. They give you oysters at this inn from Lake Lucrinus hard by. The famous oyster-bed is still there which furnished supplies for Lucullus' feasts, and provoked classic satire on the prevailing luxury of Rome. Outside the osteria a pergola of vines and trailing creepers gives pleasant shade to a long terrace, where you may eat your dinner *al fresco* if you will, or sit and dream of the past. Over the parapet you look down into the blue depths, which in their transparency

needs build them into the sea, driving out the landmark of the shore.\*

There is a world of classic memories floating about Baïæ. In the curve of the little bay—for the head of the promontory is opposite Puteoli, forming a little bay—there runs a ravine inland, which brings you to Lake Avernus. Here you are at once in the *locus* of the Sixth Book of Virgil:

"Avernus the innavigable lake,  
O'er whose unhappy waters void of light,  
No bird presumes to steer his airy flight."

\* "Marisque Bajis obstrepentis urges  
Summoveat litora."

The lake now is a great oval, with banks sloping up all round like the seats around the arena of an amphitheatre. Low shrubs and underwood cover these banks, but probably in classic times great and umbrageous trees grew there, and overshadowed the lake, so making its twilight waters gloomy, as the poet says. However, now it is bright enough, with lilies swimming on its face, while all manner of summer wild flowers, cyclamen, anemone, cystus, star the banks, and smile away all the old dreams of fear.

When we were there it was basking in sunlight and glittering in exceeding brilliancy of colour. But, indeed, the old opening to the "downward way" is there still; we found it among the tangled brushwood. Here is the very cave leading to the dark precincts of Acheron, where fabled Æneas descended into the shades,—

"Betwixt whose regions and our upper light  
Deep forests and impenetrable night  
Possess the middle space."

To what a hoar antiquity must this cave belong! One day we took three great torches to explore it. After entering, all traces of daylight were soon lost. For more than a quarter of a mile, I should think, we trod by an easy descent a broad, downward passage, cut, it would seem, through rock.

"Facilis descensus Averni."

Virgil must have composed that line in this very place. At last, in the black darkness, we came to water, which our guides ferried us over—in fact, they took us on their backs till we reached the door of a grotto. There were chambers there and passages knee-deep in water, stirred by our torches into wavelines of light, and a tessellated floor, out of which bubbled a crystal spring. They showed us also the throne of the Sibyl—the very machinery, in fact, of the oracle. Subterranean noises, too, are continually heard—volcanic, of course—which give colour to the myth. I do not know how much farther the passage goes, but they say it runs through the hill, and some enterprising explorers have even got out on the other side where the Elysian Fields are, a valley of Cumæ of surpassing loveliness lying to the west,—

"Where long-extended plains of pleasure lie,  
The verdant fields with those of Heaven may vie."

Baise and all its surroundings breathe utterly of the classic and Greek. There is not a colour of the mediæval feeling so common to most parts of Italy; the heart of the Greek took nature and deified it—not as a whole, but he made a god of every force and feeling, a god for every glade. The Greek mind evolved tales and stories out of every bright landscape, out of every gloomy forest, out of every dewy hollow, out of every flowery glen. There was something behind nature everywhere; but, alas! that something was not God. Instead of nature being the mere vestibule to infinite mysteries of wisdom and goodness and power standing behind it, the Greek mind stopped at the threshold, and would not go into the temple. There was a spiritual world behind the natural world everywhere, but a world of the intellect and fancy, not of the heart. Thus his religion was powerless to influence a man's life. The spirit of the glade was the Hamadryad, not the One all-seeing and omnipotent, whose goodness was manifest to Isaac meditating in the fields at eventide.

You lose much of this Greek feeling at Puteoli. Puteoli is now a rather important and populous fishing port, and the memories of St. Paul stand out so prominently in the history of the ancient city as to push aside other memories, whether classic or Greek. In the old times it was the great landing-place for travellers from Alexandria and the East, and now it is rather a flourishing fisher village. The modern town is like an ant-hill of white houses, dominated here and there by a church-tower, built on a monticle of rock by the sea. The remains of ancient Puteoli run along the shore. There is a temple of Serapis now half standing, and innumerable relics of baths and sulphur springs abound, and you can go and dabble your hands in the bubbling water if you choose to brave the sulphurous steam and can bear a scalding temperature. Seneca, Ep. 77, tells you how he stood on the ancient pier at Puteoli, and watched a fleet of vessels come in from Alexandria, certain of them sailing in gallantly, with a sail called *supparum*, as heralds of the rest; and what a pretty sight it was. One might almost dream that St. Paul's vessel, the *Castor and Pollux*, came into port about that time, and that the great stoic got some of his wisdom from meeting with the prince of the apostles at Puteoli. The harbour at Puteoli must have been a busy sight, and wherever the merchandise of the East went, there Jews were sure to be found in colonies. Philo, with his fellow Jewish Ambassadors, had an interview with Caligula here. So that we can well understand how Paul should find brethren at Puteoli hospitable enough to press him to tarry with them seven days (Acts xxviii. 13). The great road to Rome—the Appian Way—joined on to the Puteoli road at Capua, so that from this seacoast town the traveller of to-day may follow St. Paul almost step by step, by way of Appii Forum and the Three Taverns to Rome.

Naples you see flashing in the sunlight to the south of Puteoli. Naples, the imperial modern city of the bay—Naples, the city of indolent pleasure, of elegant dissipation—Naples, the prodigal who has secured his portion of goods, and is now squandering them with light-hearted mirth, careless of the present or the future. From far away, Naples looks somewhat like an avalanche or gleam of white buildings poured over the commanding hill, St. Elmo, and which has flowed down the slope and spread along the shore to right and left for miles. Interspaces of green chequer this white expanse of houses and palaces here and there—gardens by the seashore—avenues of trees and flowery terraces hanging midway up the slope. Naples is emphatically the City of Flowers. For six miles along the shore to southward the houses and streets run on without intermission till they intermix with the straggling villas in the suburbs of Resina.

Resina by the seaside is built over the grave of Herculaneum. From the cellars of one of its houses they dug down and found the buried city. Two reasons, however, will always keep Herculaneum from being fully laid bare. One is that the modern city, with all its palaces, would first have to be pulled down, for it exactly covers the old city. When you sleep in Resina you have the consciousness that so many feet beneath your bedchamber, through the hard lava, there may be the bedchamber of some ancient citizen, whose family, perhaps, are still asleep in their beds, and will sleep on undisturbed till the last trumpet shall awaken them. Another

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reason why Herculaneum will never be unearthed is that the lava is too hard to be cut through without great difficulty. You may cut a shaft, as people have already done. They lighted upon the old theatre by a happy chance, and the modern visitor may now go rambling about by torchlight through its old corridors, and on the stage, and in the public stalls. But the toil of uncovering the whole city would be overwhelming. Pompeii, on the contrary, which is inland on the slope of Vesuvius, was covered with light ashes, which are removed without difficulty; and so Pompeii will soon be all laid bare.

But in all these memories of the past and fancies of the present we are forgetting Sorrento. Sorrento has no memories, but is simply a lovely and secluded nook in this pleasant land. Lying under these trees on the cliff, or dabbling in the sea, or climbing up the hills, where little mountain streams tumble among the wild flowers, under the shadow of olive or pine, we almost lose the sense of reality amid all this inconceivable loveliness of nature, of landscape, and sea, and sky. Yet the inhabitants of Sorrento are very simple folk. Two industries are prominent. The orange-gatherers you see everywhere—in the gardens outside the town, or on the hills—women and young girls (often too young), with great baskets of the heaped-up fruit nicely balanced on their heads. Flecked with the pale green lights and shadows, they flit about under the trees, gathering the harvest of golden fruit; or upright as a dart, steadying the basket with one hand, file down, like graceful canephoras, through the valleys to the seashore, where, in little craft with lateen sail, the fruit is shipped away to Naples or more northern ports. One other important industry of Sorrento is the making of delicate inlaid work in precious woods. All manner of household things—small tables, desks, writing utensils, cabinets—are framed in olive or orange, and inlaid with many-coloured designs in various woods. The inhabitants of Sorrento certainly seem to be a more industrious folk than those of any other town in the south of Italy.

HOWARD HOPLY.

## EARLY CIVILISATION.

IX.—THE ANTIQUITY OF THE CHINESE.

BY THE REV. DR. EDKINS, PEKIN.

CHINA has a very old look. The walls of its cities make the traveller think of Old Testament times. The character of the people belongs more to the middle ages than to the nineteenth century. It appears wonderfully stereotyped. Change proceeds among the people, but it is not so perceptible nor so rapid as elsewhere. Tennyson wrote, "Better thirty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." Evidently the poet thought it preferable to live in a country where progress is swift. All, however, cannot live in Europe, and one advantage that those possess whose lot takes them to "the gorgeous east" is, that they can study the old world in new times.

The reason why the Chinese continue to remain so much what they have been, and take a certain pride in opposing all tendency to progress, is to be looked for in national character and isolation. Had they mingled in the stream of history, had they been

spectators of the world's revolutions, and shared in them, had they travelled much in foreign countries, and learned to live in foreign ways, and practise foreign usages, they would not have hung back so much as they now do in the rear of the rest of the world upon the onward path of change.

The native character has not a little self-confidence, which is justified by their past. They can now look back on four thousand years of history. During this time the Chinese have made steady if slow advancement in enlightenment, and in the discovery of the means by which the realm of nature could be subjugated to human uses.

The national spirit, when looked at broadly, is really civilised and progressive, or they would not have such a noble history of useful inventions to be proud of. We are too ready to pity and despise as barbarism that which is in reality a type of progress more steady and long-continued, though less brilliant and energetic, than our own.

Fifteen centuries ago they used pencils for writing made of weasels' hair, as they now do, and wrote with characters of the same shape and size as at present. This is a remarkable instance of slowness in changing. But then they have during that time originated the practice of printing books, and that, too, four centuries before the commencement of European printing. This is a proof of progress still more remarkable. The critical foreigner complains that they still hold to the use of hieroglyphics. He thinks that after four thousand years they might be willing to make a change, and that they ought to admit the undoubted superiority of an alphabet. But they may say in defence of themselves that their written characters are more suited for perpetuity than the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians, and that their language not being polysyllabic, there is much to be said for their continuing to use a system of separate signs for every word.

This singular civilisation, coming down from high antiquity, seems to bring Egypt and Babylon before us in contemporary form. The artisans of Thebes and Memphis may be seen to live again in Canton or Soochow. The turning lathe, the potter's wheel, and the weaving loom in modern Chinese cities show us what the streets of the cities on the banks of the Nile and Euphrates would now be if the ancient inhabitants of those regions had, like the Chinese, found out the secret of perpetuating themselves.

The credibility and age of the first Chinese books, the time when writing originated, the possibility of the separation on safe grounds of early myth from genuine history, are all matters most desirable to be known. They may, with many kindred subjects, receive illustration from a brief general inquiry into the antiquity of the Chinese.

Opinion has oscillated in a singular way on this question. The Jesuit missionaries commenced their work in China three centuries ago, and when they entered on the study of the literature, they became filled with admiration of it. The intelligent and educated natives who at that time in considerable numbers received Christian baptism, never parted with their reverence for the character and teaching of China's ancient sages. They communicated their regard for the history and literature of their country to their European instructors. Catholic Europe, and especially France, became in the seventeenth century, through the productions of Jesuit authors upon China, imbued with a high feeling of admiration for the



wisdom and intelligence of the Chinese, and the trustworthiness of their history. Down to the end of last century European acquaintance with the country went on increasing, aided by the translations made of the classical books in French and Latin, and the numerous descriptive works and essays published to illustrate the ancient and modern condition of the people whom we have fallen into the habit of calling, with a tone of pleasant sarcasm, the "Celestials." Many of the men who held up China to the world's admiration lie buried in the two chief Catholic cemeteries in the west of Peking, not far from the city walls. There are the tombs of Ricci, Schaal, and Verbeist of the older time, and Gaubil and Amyot of the more recent.

Down to the time (twenty years ago) of the publication of Legge's Chinese Classics and the works of Biot, it was the custom among many sober judges to accept the ancient history as given in the classical books. The "Book of History," for example, commences with the reigns of the Emperors Yao and Shun, B.C. 2356 and 2255, and contains an account of a most destructive deluge which occurred at that time, and from which the country was freed by the diligence, energy, and skill of a heroic man named Ta Yü, who became emperor B.C. 2205. This deluge was not like that of Noah, except in its being said that mountains were covered by the rising floods. The sober student of these days will not follow the example set by some Roman Catholic missionaries in former times who identified the deluge of Noah with that of the Chinese Yü. The human population was not destroyed in the Chinese deluge. There was no ship. The time that it lasted was nine years. The deluge of the Bible and of the Babylonian tablets would seem to have taken place long before that of China, and to have been wider spread and more devastating in its effects.

The Emperor Yü was one of a group of sages, several of whose sayings have been preserved. They are couched in words which, while very archaic, are not the words of a different language. The Chinese language, in its vocabulary and laws of arrangement in words, as well as in its being monosyllabic, was the same then as now, except that it was less developed and contained many obsolete expressions.

Yü was the first emperor of the Hsia dynasty, and founder of an imperial line which continued for sixteen descents till B.C. 1766. This to the Jesuits seemed all to be trustworthy history, especially as there are passages in the early parts of this most interesting old book which tell of determinations of the times of the equinoxes and solstices from the observed places of certain stars, either in the morning or evening, or at midnight of the four days on which they occurred. The emperor's words, when giving the order to the court astronomers to go and make these observations, are carefully recorded. Then there is a solar eclipse of about B.C. 2000. Astronomical data like these are not found in the Vedas, or the Zendavesta, or in the Books of Moses, or in Homer or Hesiod. They seemed to give a special character of authenticity to this book of old Chinese history.

Du Halde's work on China is unequalled for copiousness, and contains a vast amount of correct information; but the way in which it speaks of early Chinese chronology is much more in accordance with the time when it was compiled than with our own.

He writes: "Two hundred years after the Deluge the sons of Noah arrived in North-Western China." This is neither scripture nor is it science. It is a rough-and-ready attempt to reconcile the Hebrew account with early Chinese tradition. In this age we proceed more cautiously.

Du Halde goes on to say: "From the reign of Yao, which began B.C. 2357, their history is very exact. We find the names of emperors, with the length of their reigns, and an account of the troubles, revolutions, and interregnums that have happened, all set down very particularly and with great fidelity." "The Chinese historians," he says, "appear to be sincere, and to regard nothing but the truth." He then describes the burning of the books, and the restoration of literature fifty-four years after under the Emperor Wen te, who ascended the throne B.C. 179.

In this way of treating Chinese chronology Du Halde accepts the "Book of History" as good authority. It begins with the reign of Yao, and so does he. The fact is, however, that the ancient chronology does not rest only on the testimony of this book, but also upon the views held by the astronomers of the period introduced by Wen te. They formed a chronology based on a study of the "Book of History," as the Rabbis who formed the Jewish chronology did upon a comparison of the dates contained in the Old Testament. A historical work called, from the material on which it was found written, the "Bamboo Books," also contains a system of ancient chronology; and, as it dates from the time of the Chow dynasty, before the burning of the Confucian books by the first emperor of the Tsin dynasty, introduces new elements into the general question, something in the same way as happens with the Hebrew chronology through the existence of that of the Septuagint and that of the Samaritan Pentateuch.

The Han dynasty chronology became current in China, and has satisfied most native scholars down to the present time, as it did till recently European scholars.

The grounds stated by Du Halde for giving credit to the accepted native chronology are that it is very self-coherent and substantial; that it has not, like the Greek and Roman history, the air of a fiction at the beginning; that it has an important verification in a solar eclipse at a very early date; that the historians were witnesses of the events they related; that Confucius, as his words show, regarded it as deserving of confidence; and that Mencius says a thousand years elapsed between Shun and Wen wang.

Since Wen wang lived about B.C. 1100, the testimony of Mencius makes it clear that in his day—B.C. 300—the accepted chronology, as far back as to the time of the Emperor Shun, was much the same as afterwards determined by the Han scholars, and as that contained in the "Bamboo Books."

Du Halde proceeds to remark that later Chinese historians have noticed unsatisfactory points in the received chronology even of the Chow dynasty, and that at the same time they have, in accordance with the traditions retained in the "Book of Changes" and other works, classical and non-classical, commenced their narrative of the History of China with the time of Fuhe, B.C. 2852.

The reason that they have gone back nearly five hundred years was probably threefold. They wished

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history to embrace the great legendary personage Fuhe, who is regarded as the first Chinese emperor. They wished to honour Fuhe as the maker of the Pakwa and the author of the "Book of Changes" in its primitive form, when it was merely a collection of symbolic strokes. They wished to respect the judgment of Confucius, who, while he commenced the "Book of History" with Yaou, inserted in his supplement to the "Book of Changes" a passage commemorating the services of Fuhe, Shin nung, and Hwang te, venerated through all antiquity as the founders of the Chinese civilisation.

"Anciently," says Confucius, in this passage, "Fuhe, in ruling the world, evoked to the lights of heaven, the laws of earth, the marks on birds and beasts, with the signs capable of being noted on the human body and on all material objects. He then invented the Pakwa or eight diagrams, the art of writing by means of knotted cords, and the methods to be pursued in hunting and fishing. After him came Shin nung, who taught ploughing and hoeing, marketing and trading. Houses, boats; the use of the ox and horse as beasts of burden; the art of grinding corn; the use of the bow and arrow; the introduction of coffins and burial for the dead; and the change of knotted cords into the use of a written character, soon followed; and in the time of Yaou the features of the old Chinese civilisation were complete."

This view of the early growth of Chinese polity presents to us Confucius, a grave, erudite, and sober-minded sage, looking upon the third millennium before Christ as the period when his countrymen emerged from barbarism into civilisation. He knew of no foreign origin to the Chinese people, nor did he regard it as necessary to assign any of the elements of their early culture to a foreign source.

Before Fuhe everything is to him a mysterious unfathomed depth. All he knows is that a succession of wise men appeared B.C. 2850 to B.C. 2350, who, one after the other, instructed the people in the useful arts, in morality, and in the philosophy of nature. No theory of creation had ever, so far as we know, been suggested to him. He had before him, to be taught and explained by his philosophy, the visible universe in a state of incessant changes. The former sages, Fuhe, Hwang te, and Wen wang, had taught a theory of transformations. It accounts for all phenomena of the world political and the world material, for man as an animal and as a social and intellectual being. This was enough.

The native view of the first beginnings of the Chinese race should be allowed. The legends that go before Fuhe do not deserve so much attention. They rest on a less respectable authority.

It is now about fifteen years since the publication of Dr. James Legge's translation of the "Book of History." He arrives at a conclusion unfavourable to its historical character. In his "Prolegomena" he represents it as half legend, and suspects that the names of many emperors were invented by subsequent writers. The Rev. J. Chalmers examined the astronomical data, and pronounced them unsatisfactory. In his dissertation, inserted after the "Prolegomena," he declares them to be wanting in all essential points. The question of the antiquity of the Chinese assumed a new shape. The credible and self-consistent history of ancient China was believed by many, from the time that this change in opinion took place, to date no earlier than B.C. 781, when the

history written by Confucius commences. There can be no doubt of this historical fragment being fairly within the historical period, for authors were then rife, chronicles were kept at the courts of kings, astronomical records were preserved, eclipses were noted; all events were chronologically arranged. The question is not, can this be accepted? but, can it be right to treat all the preceding Chinese history as half mythical? Mr. Mayers does so in his "Chinese Readers' Manual," published in 1874. The period from B.C. 2852 to 1154 he terms the legendary period. From B.C. 1154 to 781 is in his nomenclature the semi-historical period. Trustworthy history only commences, in his opinion, from B.C. 781. This mode of treating early Chinese chronology occurs in a highly useful work by a writer whose name carries with it no little authority.

An opinion very different from these writers has been recently adopted and promulgated by Dr. Gustave Schlegel. His studies in the nomenclature of the stars and the peculiarities of the Chinese zodiac have materially affected his opinions. He adopts the extraordinary view that the stars were named by the Chinese 17,000 years before the Christian era. His principal reason for this novel doctrine is that the zodiac of twenty-eight constellations commences with the bright star Spica in the sign Virgo. Dr. Schlegel thinks that the sun was in Virgo in the spring when the Chinese stars were first named, and that if he were not in that position, the ancient Chinese would not have begun the zodiac there. When the Greeks took over the Asiatic zodiac which their neighbours communicated to them, they commenced the series of twelve months with Aries. The sun in spring is now thirty degrees behind Aries. The interval represents in time two thousand years, and one twelfth of the zodiacal circle. Twelve times this number of years makes the cycle which represents the time the sun must take to run his course backward round the zodiac.

Since the time of Hipparchus and the change of the sun's place among the stars at the vernal equinox from the Ram to the Fishes, certainly the period that has elapsed seems very long, and the science of astronomy has gone through a great variety of remarkable phases. But this is quite a short term of years compared with that which has been recognised by Dr. Schlegel as having passed away since the first Chinese astronomers divided the stars into groups and gave them names. All that the Chinese themselves claim for their astronomy, is an antiquity of 4,000 years, when the sun had just entered Taurus, being sixty degrees in front of his present position. They will be astonished when they find that, among the foreign students of their ancient books, there is one who believes that their names for stars are more than four times older, and that since the primeval mapping of the constellations, the sun has slowly travelled backward through nine signs of the zodiac to the point where he now is.

The argument of this author is expanded into two octavo\* volumes, and illustrated from a rich variety of sources, Chinese and European, in the most learned manner.

The reasons against the acceptance of his hypothesis are very strong. The names of stars embrace the whole imperial régime of ancient China, with a

\* "Uranographie Chinoise." Printed at the expense of the Royal Dutch Institute for Ethnology, Philology, and Geography, 1875.

multitude of details all harmonising with what we know of the country from the classical books. The ancient ideas of the Chinese about government, their modes of naming officers and court buildings, their sacrifices, derivation of houses, agriculture, markets, and many circumstances of popular and official life, are reflected in the stellar nomenclature. We see there the old customs as they were during the time of and after Yaou and Shun. The supposition that this régime should have lasted in the same form through nearly twenty millenniums seems very unreasonable, and contrary to the lesson derived by history from the past of every other country, that incessant change is the law of all human affairs.

This author has made a careful study (and he is probably the only European who has done so) of the old Chinese astrology. In books written about 2,000 years ago, the stars are described with a great multiplicity of lucky and unlucky indications. The classics are several centuries older, and the astrological indications are not found in them. Yet the classics speak in such a way that both magic and astrology must have existed. To say, however, as Dr. Schlegel does, that the identical astrology which is contained in books of the Han dynasty still extant, was a prime element in the knowledge of those who made the names of the stars, and that it existed in their day in much the same form as at the court of the emperors of the early Han dynasty, is to maintain the incredible, and to invite adverse criticism.

It is marvellous that a man of great ingenuity and learning should originate a hypothesis so difficult to defend. In justice to the author, let me here mention what appears to me one of his most plausible arguments.

Among the twenty-eight groups of stars which constitute the Chinese zodiac, and roughly represent the place of the moon every day in one lunation, are the two well-known and beautiful constellations called by the Greeks, Pleiades and Hyades, the latter so named because its appearance indicated the arrival of the rainy season. In China the Hyades are called Pi, and in the "Book of History," the most important of the classics, Pi is called "Ruler of Rain." Schlegel says, that since Pi was, in the time of the "Book of History," a spring constellation, as it is in the Greek astronomy, it could not have been called the ruler of rain because it then indicated the rainy season, the spring of North China being dry. It must have been so named, he thinks, at that immensely ancient date when it was an autumn constellation, the sun having had time to travel, in the interim, through more than half the zodiac.

The coincidence is certainly most remarkable that the Hyades should rule the rain in both Greece and China. To explain this coincidence without the hypothesis of Dr. Schlegel is, perhaps, not impossible, though beset with difficulty. But it should be remembered that about the Mediterranean Sea, spring is rainy and autumn fair, while in China the reverse is the case. Let it then rather be supposed that the Hyades were named first in western countries, and communicated, in some manner unknown, to China while the "Book of History" was being written; or let it be supposed that the Greek word Hyades meant originally, as some say, "the little pigs," and that the coincidence is accidental.

Dr. Schlegel has felt encouraged to adopt the extravagant opinion that the Chinese names of stars

were made seventeen thousand years ago, by the speculations of writers favourable to the Darwinian account of the origin of man. Between the dawn of humanity and the dawn of history a vast chasm yawns. Some Darwinians say that men were cannibals for many millenniums before they became civilised. Others say they were without articulate speech for many millenniums, and that they became separated into great families before they attained the power to express themselves in words. Our author thinks he has found in the zodiac of China a safe basis for a theory which extends the history of that country back to a time which agrees with the requirements of Darwinian writers, and might lend support to the most incredibly ancient of the Egyptian dynasties.

The Chinese themselves, however, do not thus read their old records, nor has any foreign student of Chinese yet come forward to announce his conversion to this author's view.

But while early Chinese history cannot lend much aid to views now current on the antiquity of the human race, it seems to indicate the need of a longer scripture chronology than satisfied the theologians of other days. To allow for the natural development of language, and of the differences found to exist between races in the various climates of our globe, we may require an age for the human race considerably more lengthened than that which Archbishop Usher adopted.

Yet there is nothing in the Chinese classics which demands a longer period for the presence of the Chinese in their own country than 2,800 years.

## NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

HELVELLYN AND THE FAITHFUL DOG.

A CORRESPONDENT sends some interesting particulars about the faithful dog of Helvellyn, and the event made memorable by the pen of Sir Walter Scott. The interest in, and pity for, this devoted creature is heightened by the fact that near the remains of her dead master was found the body of a little puppy, born soon to die amid those bleak surroundings. The fate of the unfortunate tourist was not known until more than three months from the time of his disappearance. The account of this tragical event was communicated to Sir Walter by Thomas Clarkson, the friend of the enslaved African, who was in the neighbourhood about the time the remains were discovered.

These are the facts. On the morning of April 17th, 1805, the deceased, who was considered venturesome, was met by one of the mountain guides, and warned by him that it was too early in the season to be safe, as the snow was still on the mountains. This he admitted, but said he would chance it. Later in the day he took refreshment at an inn in Patterdale, and thence set out for Helvellyn to fish. Probably none marked particularly his comings or goings, or a search would have been immediately set on foot. About the middle of July following, a shepherd found, at the foot of the great rock of Helvellyn, the remains of the unfortunate tourist, who, it was supposed, had slipped and fallen about one hundred feet, as on further search a stick, a great-coat, etc., were found *above* the spot where his fishing-tackle, his pocket-book (by which he was identified), a watch, and other relics had previously



been discovered. The poor dog barked at the strangers who thus intruded on her melancholy vigil. How this faithful animal had lived through the long weeks and months during which she had thus guarded the poor relics of "the friend of her heart," who shall tell? She was greatly attenuated by famine or grief, and bleached by long exposure to the bleak mountain blasts. A gentleman who visited the spot took her away with him in his carriage, probably with the view of restoring her to the mother of her dead master.

S. H. S.

## SWARM OF BEES FOLLOWING MUSIC.

Mr. Frank Buckland, Director of the Natural History Department of "Land and Water," formerly Assistant-Surgeon to the 2nd Life Guards, received the following interesting communication from his friend, Colonel Stewart, commanding officer of his old regiment:—"I know you are fond of curious facts—allow me to retail one for your information. While the 2nd Life Guards were returning from a field-day this morning down the Long Walk, a swarm of bees, attracted by the music, followed us all the way into the barracks over the heads of the band. On coming into the barrack-yard, the band formed up to play the regiment into barracks. The bees followed their example, and formed up also, settling upon the branch of a chestnut-tree over their heads. We have taken them prisoners, and they are now in a hive in a barrack-yard. They followed us for nearly a mile. I used to think the old woman with the tin-kettle and the key an idiot, but have changed my mind. It was fortunate they did not select the head of the bandmaster as a resting-place, for the swarm is a very large one, and would have made an unpleasant head-dress." The above communication will be most interesting to naturalists. "May we not conclude," says Mr. Buckland, "from the facts so praiseworthily put on record by Colonel Stewart, that bees have the power of hearing? In the most magnificent monograph on the anatomy and physiology of bees by Mr. Michael Girdwoyn I do not find that the ear of this insect is figured at all. Bees communicate their ideas by sound, and I understand that bee-keepers can often tell what is going on in the hives by the noise the bees happen to be making at the moment. The bandmaster of the 2nd Life Guards should be proud of his power to charm bees. He is a modern Orpheus."

## VARIETIES OF INSTINCT.

There are three creatures—the squirrel, the field-mouse, and the bird called the nuthatch (*Sitta Europea*)—which live much on hazel-nuts, and yet they open them each in a different way. The first, after rasping off the small end, splits the shell in two with his long foreteeth, as a man does with his knife; the second nibbles a hole with his teeth as regular as if drilled with a wimble, yet so small that one would wonder how the kernel could be extracted through it; while the last picks an irregular ragged hole with its bill, but as this artist has no paws to hold the nut firm while he pierces it, like an adroit workman he fixes it, as it were, in a vice, in some cleft of a tree or in some crevice, where, standing over it, he perforates the stubborn shell. We have often placed nuts in the chink of a gate-post where nuthatches have been known to haunt, and have always found that those birds have readily penetrated them. While at work they make a rapping noise, which can be heard at a considerable distance. These diverse modes of getting at the kernel might seem

to be the result of intelligence and ingenuity, but they are instinctive, since we find every individual of the species, from its earliest days of self-foraging, acting in the same manner.

## RAT CUNNING.

A farmer had rats in his sty, and shot some in the trough. They never came again unless the pigs were feeding.

R. W.

## A KNOWING DOG.

Being a sincere lover of "our four-footed friends," I am desirous of adding my mite to the fund of authenticated interesting anecdotes. When I first made the acquaintance of my friend "Bob" he was a handsome mastiff, of about six years old, broad-chested though tall, with a thick, curly, dark-grey coat, and short bob-tail. He divided his time pretty equally between my brother's house and my own. We lived a quarter of a mile apart. Meal-times at each house were at the same hours, except on Sundays, when my brother and his family dined earlier than we did, but Bob's activity and punctuality always enabled him, when at home, to get a dinner at each house every day, by dropping first into my brother's and then trotting down to my house, never letting the difference in our week-day and Sunday time put him out in his reckoning.

He and the cats and kittens at both houses were always on the most affectionate terms, and nothing pleased them better than to crouch up to his warm curly coat and have a snooze. He always received these attentions from his frisky friends with great kindness and condescension on his part, but I am sorry to say he was guilty of a good deal of hypocrisy towards them and their mother. He would never drive them from a dish, or a dripping-pan, or anything else. Oh, no! but when he happened to see them eating out of either he quietly, but quickly, walked up to the coal heap, and picking up as large a lump as he could well hold between his teeth, he would walk gently up to where his friends were feasting, and drop the lump of coal into either basin, dish, or dripping-pan, looking quite innocent all the time. Pussies immediately licked their mouths and walked away, while their amiable friend finished their meal for them.

One of Bob's duties was to accompany our waggons on their journeys in taking out our goods (we were manufacturers). This he did not at all approve of, and in order to shirk his duty he at first absconded as soon as he saw any signs of packing and loading of the waggons, and would not be found till after he knew that waggons and waggoners were gone and at a safe distance. This he must have learnt by watching them off. He then returned to society, looking as amiable and as affable as ever. But, being of a social disposition, he got tired of secreting himself in solitude, so in order to escape the toil of travel and to enjoy the pleasures of society he adopted another expedient, for which, I think, he merits the title of being "a very knowing dog." It was this: his inquiring eyes were always on the watch, and after he had given up absconding, whenever he saw packing and preparation for a journey going on, he became distressingly lame, first with one leg, then with another, but with one or other constantly, frequently lying down as if too lame to stand, much less to walk. But as soon as the waggons were well away Bob's lameness vanished, and he could walk and run as well as ever.

Newport, Monmouth.

J. G. W.

## Varieties.

### PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Declaration of Independence .....	July 4, 1776
General Washington first President .....	1789 and 1793
John Adams .....	1797
Thomas Jefferson .....	1801 and 1805
James Madison .....	1809 and 1813
James Monroe .....	1817 and 1821
John Quincy Adams .....	1825
General Andrew Jackson .....	1829 and 1833
Martin Van Buren .....	1837
General William Henry Harrison (died April 4)	1841
John Tyler (elected as Vice-President) .....	1841
James Knox Polk .....	1845
General Zachary Taylor (died July 9, 1850) .....	1849
Milard Fillmore (elected as Vice-President) .....	1850
General Franklin Pierce .....	1853
James Buchanan .....	1857
Abraham Lincoln (assassinated April 14, 1865) .....	1861 and 1865
Andrew Johnson (elected as Vice-President) .....	1865
General Ulysses S. Grant .....	1869 and 1873

In regard to the next Presidential election, it is pleasant to read words so generously disinterested as those of the "Montreal Witness":—"Canadians might well wish for Democratic success in the approaching contest, for a more enlightened and liberal foreign trade policy—which is that part of the government of the United States which most affects Canada—might be expected from the Democrats than from the Republicans. The latter, however, have much the best set of principles for the United States on other matters than foreign trade, and these are most important to the American people at present. Although, also, there are many good men in both parties, there is no doubt that the larger proportion of the dangerous element is included in the Democratic party, and that the greater number of honest, upright men are among the Republicans. There is, therefore, little reason to doubt that with better general principles, and with a better general class of men to carry them out, the Republicans are most deserving of success."

**CIRCASSIANS IN BULGARIA.**—Dr. Humphry Sandwith (of Kars celebrity) thus described in the "Times" this Asiatic colony in European Turkey:—"About twelve years ago these Circassians were planted in Bulgaria precisely for the service they have so well performed—to terrorise the Christian population. There were abundant lands unoccupied for them in Asia Minor, but they were politically wanted in Bulgaria. They did not build villages; the Christians were made to build houses for them; and ever since this Asiatic immigration complaints have been incessant of the plundering propensities of these mountaineers. These facts are so notorious that no one knowing that country can read the Prime Minister's words without astonishment. Mr. Baker, who wrote to the 'Times' on the subject of these atrocities, gives the Circassians the character they deserve, and he has lived years in Bulgaria. I myself travelled in Bulgaria about two years ago, and heard the same stories everywhere of the savage and turbulent propensities of 'Mr. Disraeli's lambs.' They were the terror of the country, and no redress could be obtained for any outrage on their part, as they were so well protected by their women friends in the harems of the capital."

**FOOD SUPPLIES.**—Indian corn, or maize, says "Land and Water," has now acquired a permanent footing in this country as an article of food. Most of what we get is sent from the United States, the total import for 1875 being 20½ million cwt., or three times greater than the import ten years ago. The quantity of cereals imported has nearly doubled during the last eight years, the home supply being wholly inadequate to meet the ordinary requirements for our consumption. Eggs were sent to us last year—chiefly from France—to the number of 741 millions—that is, nine per cent. greater than the quantity sent in 1874. Five years back the number was but 400 millions, and this rapid increase still continues, although poultry farming is now being more carefully attended to among us than it used to be. The price of eggs, however, has fallen from 8s. 7d. per long hundred to 8s. 3d. More potatoes arrived here in 1875 than in the previous year by 710,000 cwt. Most of these potatoes are set down as coming from France, but a considerable quantity come really *via* France from the South of Europe;

and we may here mention—what is not generally known—that there is a fixed uniform charge of £40 a ton made for conveyance of the costly fruit and vegetables from Marseilles to London. This arrangement, of course, much facilitates the trade in such things as early asparagus, peaches, and so forth. The consumption of cocoa increases rapidly, having nearly doubled in the space of ten years; the duty is only 1d. a pound, so that the cocoa trade only yielded £31,559 to the revenue. Currants, raisins, and dried fruits, it was formerly imagined, were an index to the well-being of the working-classes, who were supposed to buy these in large quantities when wages were good. But this view is an exploded one. What really affects the dried fruit trade is the abundance or otherwise of fresh fruit at home; thus in a good apple year currants and raisins are much less in demand. As to wheat, we may mention that in 1869 the Government abolished the small remaining import duty on breadstuffs which had been left at the time of the repeal of the corn laws; not at all so left as a source of revenue, but as a means of keeping an accurate record of the quantities imported. This duty was 3d. a cwt. on grain, and 4½d. on meal, and so great has been the growth of our import of corn from abroad, that if this small duty still existed it would yield £1,332,889 to the Exchequer annually.

**TIT FOR TAT.**—An American judge was obliged to sleep with an Irishman in a crowded hotel, when the following conversation ensued:—"Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a judge: would you not, Pat?" "Yes, yer honour," says Pat; "and I think yer honour would have been a long time in the old country before ye'd been a judge too."

**ENGLISH INFLUENCE IN INDIA.**—At the annual distribution of prizes at the Royal Engineering College at Cooper's Hill, Lord Napier of Magdala gave some excellent advice to the students about to leave on the completion of their course. He said he felt it a great privilege that he was permitted to address a few words to his brother engineers at the commencement of their career—a career which offered them such a very honourable prospect of being serviceable to their country and to India. It was a matter of very great congratulation that they had the advantage of studying their profession under an officer (Colonel Chesney) who himself had struggled over the difficulties of an engineer in India, and who knew so well the points to which to direct their attention. The noble lord who had just spoken had directed their attention to the one point especially upon which he himself desired to give a few words of advice. Lord Salisbury had justly said that their influence would be very great, and that the responsibility upon them was very great also. They would be spread over every part of the land. They would be exceptional people. Every action and every word would be noticed by those about them, and by those who had a very keen appreciation of character. For their success very much would depend upon manner—upon the way in which they treated the people of India. He had felt it his duty, ever since he had come to the time to reflect upon his position in India, to endeavour that no native should leave him except with the feeling of having parted from a friend. He thought that was a national duty, and he could safely assure them that he had never done a kindness to a native of India which was not repaid a hundredfold when there was an opportunity. If they wished to do their works cheaply, as Lord Salisbury had told them was necessary, they could not attain that object without the assistance of the natives of India; and he could say that he had always found the greatest support and assistance from intelligent natives; but the success of those before him would depend upon their maintaining the self-respect of the natives they employed. Europeans were apt sometimes rather to despise the people of India for apparent inferiorities, which, however, often arose from the two sets of individuals not thoroughly understanding each other's language. It would be their first duty to make themselves well acquainted with the language. The career they were entering upon was one which had great pleasures, excitements, and rewards. They had the satisfaction of knowing they would benefit thousands, and would establish, as he hoped, lasting monuments of the greatness of the British nation, and of the skill of its engineers.

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